

Life

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Vol. 72, No. 1870. August 29, 1918

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NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

NO WRAPPING

NO ADDRESS



PRIVATE BUSINESS

OMAR OMAR

EVEN THE WORDS BLEND

**-When you've beat
them out on the
final leg-**

When you're coming in from the mooring buoy, and relax, and think of how well Jones handled the jib—and how you steered—and how lucky you were—and you feel good—and light up—and a cigarette's aroma tastes the sweetest—

Try Omar Aroma
OmarOmar
spells **Aroma**

The very name is redolent with aroma. For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic tobaccos—which make the perfect Turkish blend.

These aromatic tobaccos, mixed in a sterilizing cylinder of burnished copper through which white clouds of super-heated steam are forced, blend into one perfect Omar aroma; then rightly graduated cooling seals in the perfect aroma. And there Omar aroma is sure to stay until—sometime when a cigarette is sure to taste the sweetest, you try Omar, perhaps when you've beat them out on the final leg, or some other time when keen good taste insists that only Omar's aroma can make a cigarette taste sweetest.

*Aroma makes a cigarette
They've told you that for years*

20 Cigarettes
for
20 Cents

OMAR

CIGARETTES

"Smoke Omar for Aroma"



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The American Tobacco Co.
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Destination: Berlin!

Letters from the Rear

v

Life Trenches, August, 1918.

Fellows:

The secret is out. We could not hope to keep it much longer. In the last number we made a feeble little announcement about the great number of LIFE that is coming. That was only the first small shot. We know something more about it now. The On-to-Berlin Number of LIFE is now maturing. As soon as the news came that the first 300,000 American boys were fighting on the Rheims-Soissons salient, we knew that it was only a question of time when Berlin would become a suburb of Democracy. Not that we wish to take all the credit. But we have the ships, we have the men, and we have the money, and even though the entry into Berlin may have to wait until spring, we simply must celebrate. So the On-to-Berlin Number is coming on September 26th.

Look for it.

Modestly yours,

Life

Special
Offer

Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

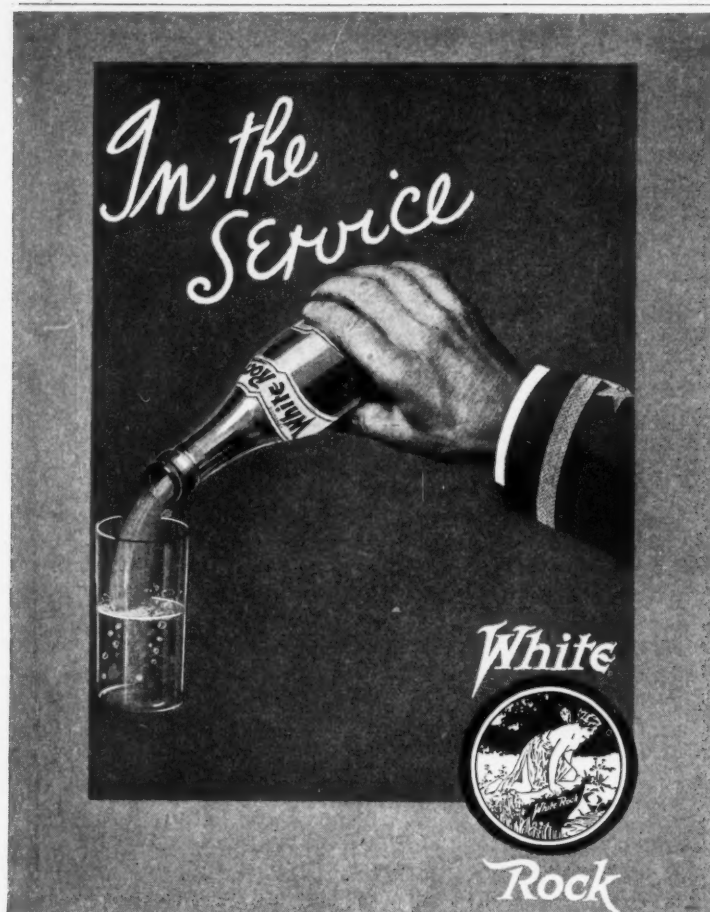
Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers of the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 56

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



You Want O-B Quality in Your Military Ring

WE KNOW just how the fighting man feels about his Military Ring. A good many men from our own Organization are serving with the colors.

The O-B Military Rings give you full, plump quality and authentic design—your ring embossed with the fighting eagle of the U. S. A. and the emblem of your branch of the Service.

If you don't know these O-B Military Rings, go see them at the Camp Exchange or any good jeweler's when you are on leave. Get a Ring. Have it engraved with your name, company and regimental designation, and your home address—a perfect identification.

And to the Mother, Wife, Sweetheart—send duplicates of your own ring in Ladies' sizes.

Military Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$2.50 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$13.50 each
Ladies' Service Rings	{ Sterling Silver, \$1.75 each
	{ Solid Gold, \$6.00 each
Military-Emblem Rings	{ (K. of C., Moose, etc.) \$2.50 each
Officers' Rings	{ (Each bearing the officers' emblem and the emblem of his branch of the Service—10K Solid Gold) \$16.50 each

Ask to see the O-B Service Brooches and Service Pins—beautiful keepsakes to send back home.

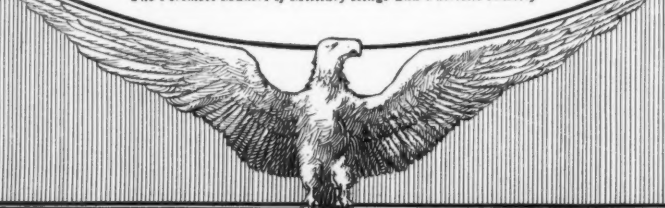
If your Camp Exchange or Jeweler cannot show you the O-B Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry—send us your name, camp or fort address, rank, company and regimental numbers and ring size direct. Write for booklet, "O-B in Camp and at the Front."

OSTBY & BARTON COMPANY

118 RICHMOND STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Foremost Makers of Military Rings and Patriotic Jewelry



The New Navigation

Consisting of Thirteen Ways to Steer a Ship in Any Desired Direction

1. The regular way.
2. Take a sun glass and concentrate the sun's rays in the desired direction. As the water evaporates, its level in that place will be lowered, and the ship will slide down hill.
3. Bring up a ship in the course she should go, and when she is old she will not depart from it.
4. Catch a school of sharks and harness them to the bow. Swing the chief master-at-arms from a boom out in front of the sharks, to port or starboard, depending upon the course it is desired for the ship to follow.
5. With a piece of magnetized iron induce the ship's compass to point in any desired direction.
6. If the ship is not heading in the proper direction camouflage it so that the bow appears to head as desired.
7. If the old ship is stubborn talk to her gently and request her to change her direction.
8. Shift the cargo to port or to starboard, and by giving the ship a leaning in one direction or the other it will be inclined to obey its leaning.
9. Before sailing, take the precaution to bring a live steer on board. He will undoubtedly be glad to help in the predicament.
10. Heat expands metal, and cold contracts it. Station two gangs of men in boats, one on the port side of the bow and the other on the starboard side. If one gang uses extremely heated language to their side of the bow, while the other gang stares icily upon theirs, the bow will bend around.
11. Send for a floating dry-dock. Take the ship to pieces and put it together again in the desired direction.
12. Change your mind from the direction you desired to the direction the ship is heading in at the time. In this way the ship will go in the direction you desire.
13. Send out your position to a German submarine. When it appears you can depend upon the men of the United States navy to find a way to steer the ship, if every other method has failed, to escape from the sea pirates or to cut their "sub" in two.



IF THERE HAD BEEN AN ANTI-LOAFING LAW

Judge: AND WHO IS THIS LOAFER?

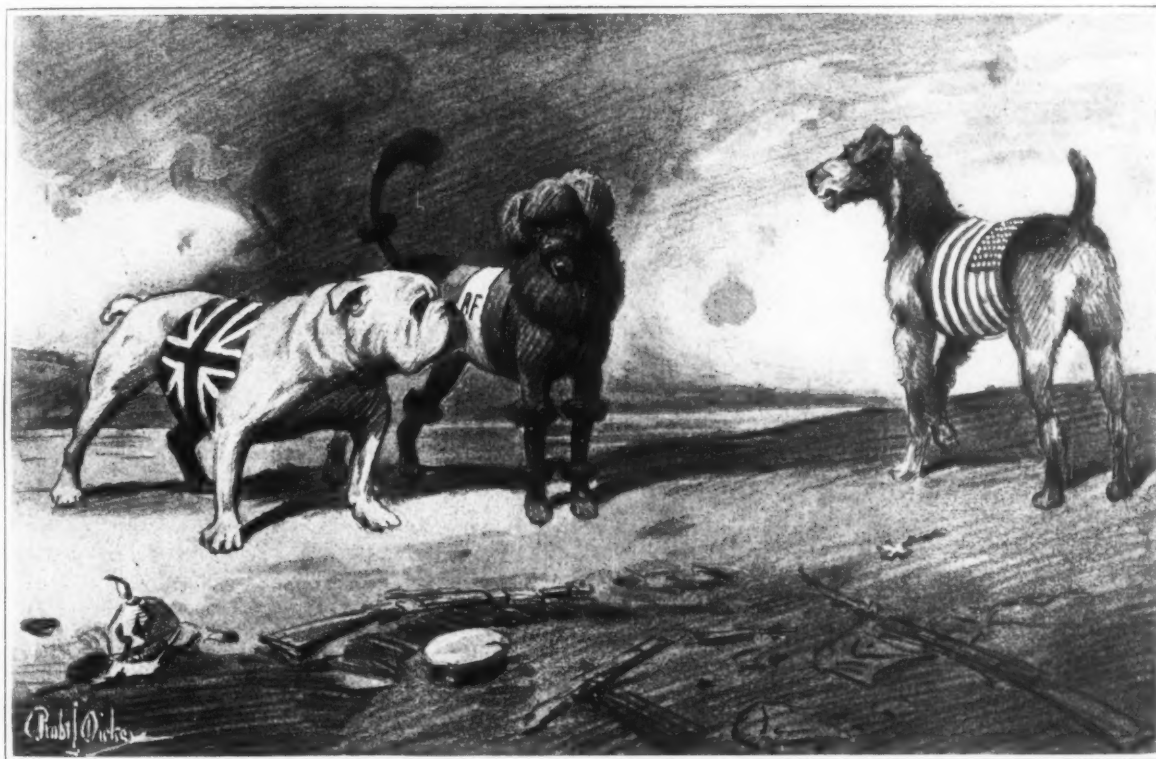
Beadle: I FOUND HIM WRITIN' UNDER A TREE, A-STARIN' AT A NIGHTINGALE, AND HE SAYS HIS NAME'S KEATS.



A Sailor's Chantey

DID you ever see a soldier with a lady on his arm?
 Oh, yes!—it's not extremely rare!
 Did you ever see a sailor who could not that lady charm?
 Oh, no!—providing he was there!
 For the sailor's eye's a roving eye that needs no prism glass
 To get its proper focus when it's spying of a lass.
 Oh, the soldier's stock is rising, but the sailor heads his class!
 So a bunk upon the brine
 Is good enough for mine—
 That's the reason I enlisted where
 The sea dogs whine!

Did you ever see a soldier looking lonesome as a fish?
 Oh, yes!—the last one that I saw!
 Did you ever see a sailor that you didn't hear a swish?
 Oh, no!—and sometimes three or four!
 For the sailor's knot's a lover's knot that's tied in every port.
 It's a puny kind of Jackie who can't capture what you've
 caught!
 Oh, there's something in his rolling gait a soldier isn't taught!
 So a bunk upon the sea
 Is good enough for me—
 That's the reason I enlisted where
 The tide runs free!
 Mabel Haughton Collyer.



ON THE BANKS OF THE MARNE

"TAKE IT FROM ME, ALPHONSE, THAT BOY CAN AND WILL FIGHT"

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$8,884.69
J. R. Fairchild	25.00
Raymond S. Anderson	2.00
Mrs. Griggs' Sunday-School Girls	7.00
Mrs. Vernon Castle	10.00
Mrs. E. H. Stearns	15.00
Gordon Gordon	10.00
Mrs. C. Gordon Knox	10.00
Amy H. Marvin	2.00
Sunday Collections at Camp Wyanoke during July	58.94
Jno. D. Guthrie	1.00
E. H. J.	50.00
S. Kent	10.00
In Memory of Kenelin and Ruth	7.00
L. B.	10.00
"In Memory of S. C. M."	3.00
Andrew R. Jones	15.00
F. V.	10.00
Elizabeth Bradley Wells	10.00
Robert W. Parsons	10.00
J. C. de Bruyer Schimmel	2.00
Margaret Kemp	10.00
In Memory W. H. W.	5.00
Mrs. Raymond T. Baker	100.00
Margaret Rock	10.00
Mrs. Henry D. Smith	5.00
Augustus Dohm	5.00
From some little girl friends of Mrs. H. B. Clark	15.00
"A Friend"	50.00
James L. Thomson	25.00
Mrs. R. H. Angell	5.00

C. R. Callaway	25.00
Minnie B. Howell	10.00
C. E. McLellan	7.00
Dr. A. R. Reder	5.00
In Memory of Cora Weightman Hutchins, 1854-1917	7.34
	\$9,436.97

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Andrew R. Jones, Danbury Hardware Co., Danbury, Conn., ten per cent. discount on a bill of one hundred dollars' worth of goods and hardware for the Farm.
Box of children's shoes from Mrs. E. S. Harris, Kew Gardens, L. I.
Box of clothing from Mrs. I. I. Jamieson, Spokane, Washington.
Two donations of vegetables for all children in two parties on the Farm.
Bundle of clothing from Jane Gwin (age three years), Seattle, Wash.
Box of clothing from Mrs. A. C. Lowell, Auburn, Cal.
Package of shoes from "A Friend."
Box of clothing and shoes from Mrs. H. J. Douds, Washington, D. C.

Fresh Air Endowment No. 6

WE have received two hundred dollars in Liberty Loan 4¼-per-cent. Bonds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER SIX

In memory of CORA WEIGHTMAN HUTCHINS (1854-1917).

This provides that every summer, for all time, a poor child will be taken from the heat of the city and given a fortnight's outing and building-up of its little body in the fresh air of the country.

To establish one of these endowments it is only necessary to send two hundred dollars in the bonds, by registered mail, to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. The endowment is in perpetuity, and may bear any designation chosen by the donor.

Logic

YOUNG Thompson had just approached his father for some money.

"My father never gave me half as much as I give you," said the much-imposed-upon parent angrily.

"Were you satisfied?" queried the son.

"Certainly I was."

"Then why should he have given you any more?"



"WAR IS HELL"



WHY THE GAME BETWEEN THE TREE-TOP TIGERS AND THE PINEHURST PIRATES WAS CALLED



Ex-Golfer: CONFOUND IT! TOPPED AGAIN!

Diary of a "Hand"

The Beginning

THINK of me making more'n a hundred a week, and before three dollars a day was me limit, and even then idle most of the time!

I bought me wife a diamond ring to-day. Fifteen dollars I paid for it. It's the first one she ever had. Then I went back and changed it for one that cost twenty dollars. There's no use taking chances. The best is none too good.

Begorra! But we're living in a swell mansion. And me wife has a polky dot! It's something grand, this war. I'm getting me a gold watch.

Six Months Later

Begorra! I dunno what we are going to do. What with the new furniture and the diamonds of me wife's and the swell clothes, it's costing me all I make, and more. There's but wan thing to do. I must have more money. Think of me workin' like I do for a hundred dollars a week! I'll call the boys together to-night, and Begorra! we'll go out on strike Monday.

The Brand

"WHAT sort of an Irishman is Murphy?"

"Made in Germany."

A Warning

THE Rhino-potto-gator and the Alli-hippo-dile
And the Kanga-ceros-porcu-phanti-raffe
Had never, from their infancy, unbended in a smile,
A giggle, or a snicker, or a laugh.

So, when upon the ridges of the Pleistocene they saw
The Chimp-oranga-dillo-wanda-linct,
They fatally exploded in a thunderous guffaw—
And that's why they're so dreadfully extinct.

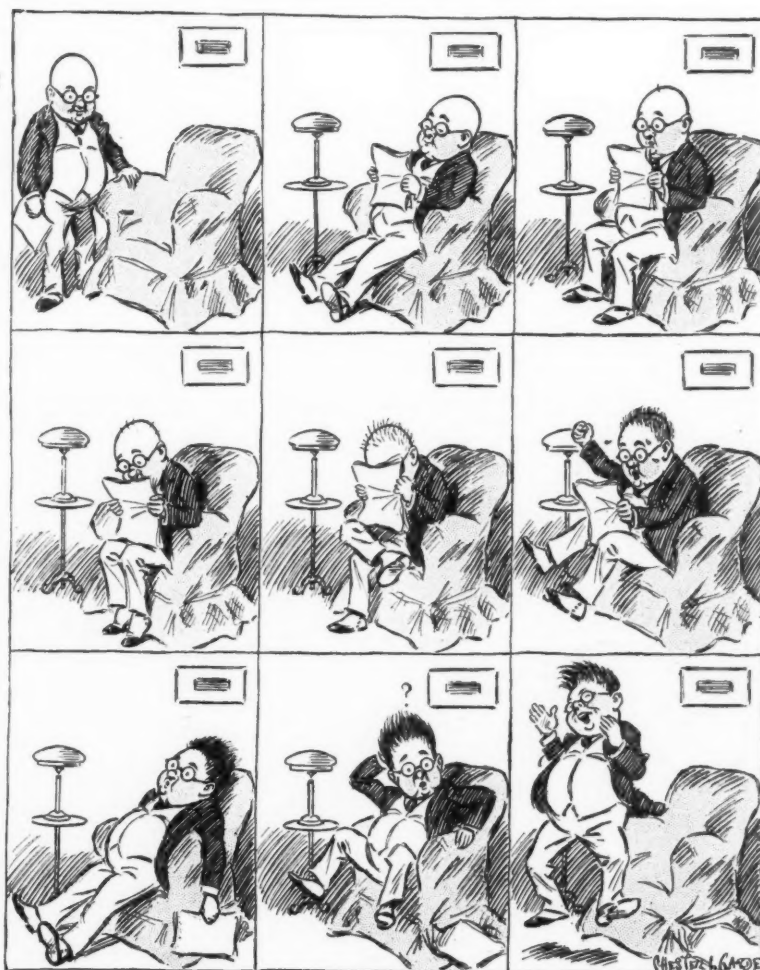
Then learn to laugh a little (you will find it worth your while),

And shun the fate that smote with cruel gaff
The Rhino-potto-gator and the Alli-hippo-dile
And the Kanga-ceros-porcu-phanti-raffe.

A. G.

"DO you believe in prohibition?"

"Im not able to judge. I've always lived in Maine."



GRANDPA READS A HAIR-RAISING STORY

Militants Don't Like Him



TO think of those lunatic militants breaking out again in Washington! And their wild attribution of responsibility to President Wilson for delay of Votes for Women! Astonishing!

My, but those militants are dotty!

After all Dr. Wilson's labors in the cause, they don't like him. That is apparent. Put it down to his credit.

Only One Army Now

FOR the future, regular army clothes, buttons and marks must suffice for all the soldiers of the United States! Beginning August 7th, "U. S. R." and "U. S. N. G." give place to plain "U. S." In the Federal service, National Guard and National Army are no more. There is only one kind of



Bull: IT'S PERFECTLY AWFUL HOW THE SPIRIT OF MILITARISM HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS COUNTRY!

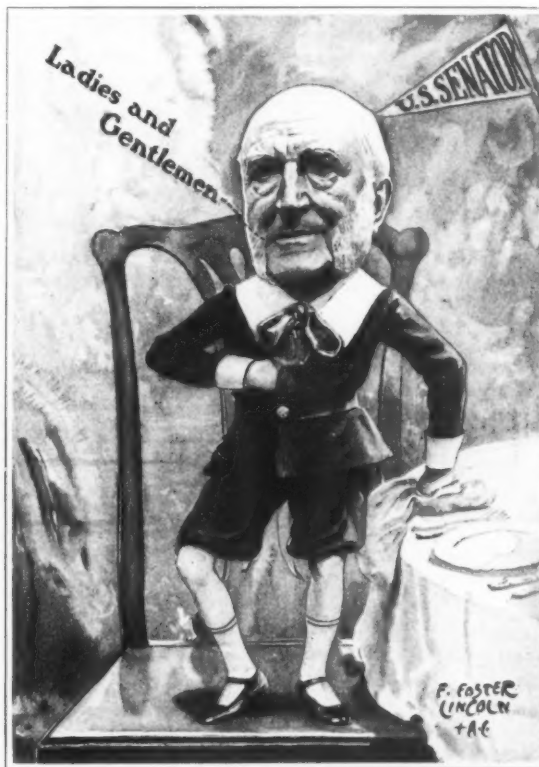
soldier (except the marines), and his mark is U. S.

So the Chief of Staff has ordered; no doubt with authority. Would that

it might have been so from the beginning, and so it might have been, but for the eagerness of a few political soldiers to hold on to a little brief authority.



JOHNNY SARGENT



CHAUNCEY

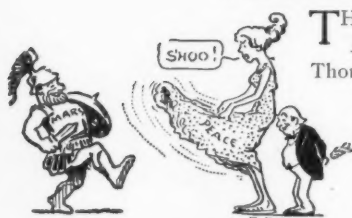
HISTORIC BOYS



LIBERAL SPIRITS

Grandmother: WHY, WILLIE, WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR BLACK EYE?
 "IT WAS A PRESENT FROM ANOTHER FELLOW IN EXCHANGE FOR ONE I GAVE HIM."

Pacifists Sell Out



THE sale of the *Evening Post* to Thomas Lamont was a welcome relief, though somewhat tardy. It had been understood for some time that the Villards were ready to sell the paper whenever a satisfactory buyer appeared. They meant well by the *Post*, and maintained its standards faithfully in many particulars; but when the great war came along the control of that venerable paper, with its combative traditions, by a family that had inherited the non-resistant prepossessions of William Lloyd Garrison became a tragedy. Though the Villard sons were half German, the *Post* declared against the German intentions from the start. It never was pro-German, but it was fatally pacifist,

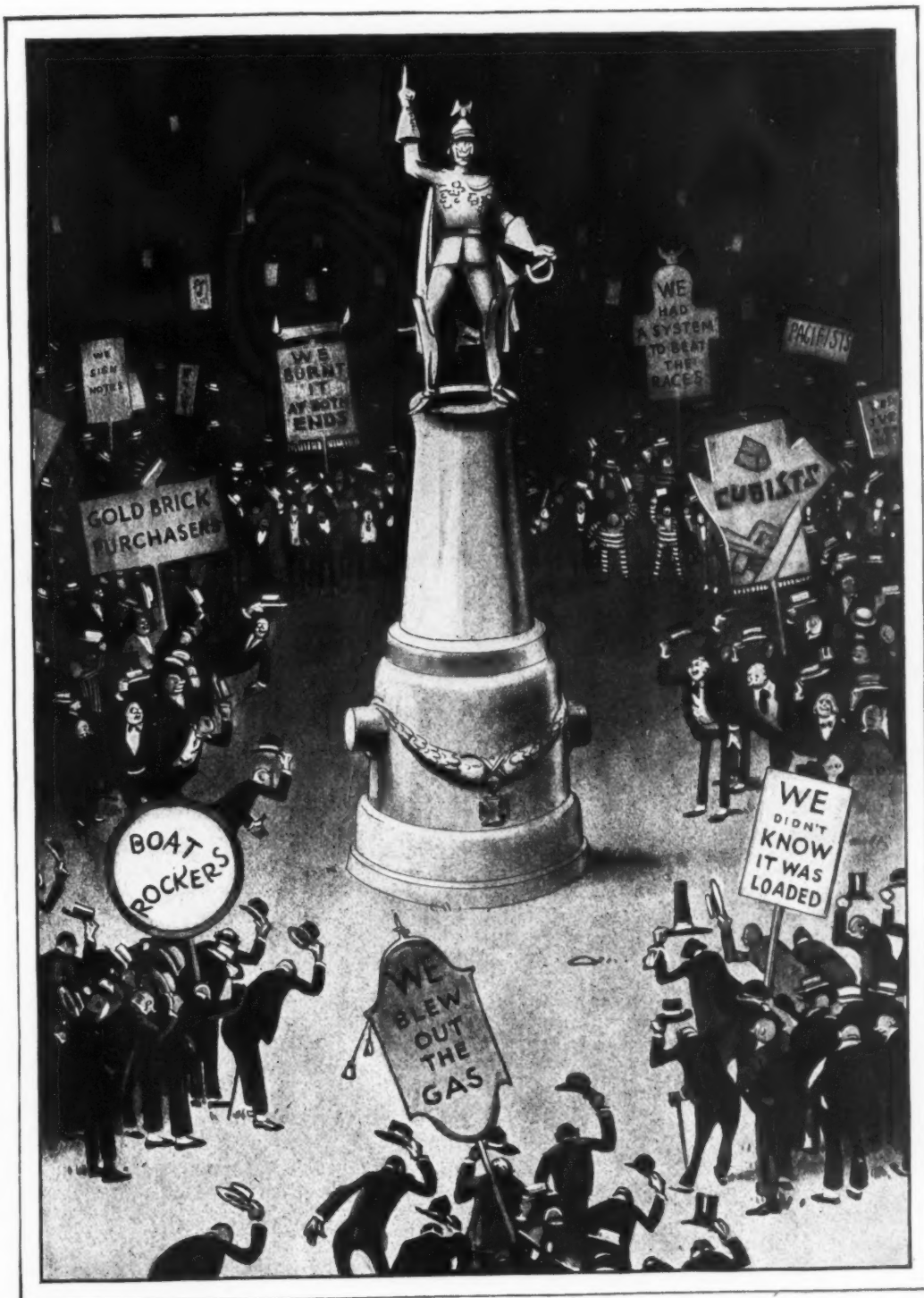
opposing everything that favored, or could lead up to, this country's participation in the war. When we finally got in, the jig was up, and after that, we believe, Mr. Oswald Villard and his relatives ceased all attempts to direct the policy of the paper.

Of course, though, the Villard ownership had come to be a heavy stone tied to the *Post's* neck, and on all accounts it was wise to terminate it. The sale to Mr. Lamont, whose lamented brother had been the paper's managing editor, and the deposit of control in the hands of three well-known trustees, seems a very satisfactory arrangement.

A HOOVER HINT: In throwing old shoes at a bride, be sure to throw pairs. She may need them. Also, throw the rice in bags. White silk bags worked with cupids are very effective, and in this way not a grain of rice is spilled.



FIRST NIGHTERS



HATS OFF TO THE CHAMPION DAMPHOOL

The New Nobility

ONCE, long ago, my little son,
An English lord sailed o'er the
sea,
And brought his bride, a lady fair,
Whose eyes and smile now live in
thee.

And all our men, for ages long,
Whose names have stood for pride
and place,
Have given thee that grace of form
And poise of head that speaks of
race.

Your playmate, lad, the gard'ner's son,
Has always seemed of other clay.
You start as equals now—his "Pa"
Fights with your "Dad" in France
to-day.

The Fate of the Ostrich

GERMANY, the giant ostrich, had
buried her head in the sand.

The sand crab feverishly dug his way
to her left ear, cleared the sand from
his mouth and hailed her excitedly.
"There are now a million Americans
in sight," he shouted, "and there are
millions more on the way. They are
after you!"

"Please don't bore me," replied Ger-
many placidly, as she pushed her head
more securely into the sand. "You are
exaggerating greatly. I know all about
the Americans. There are only a few
over here, and no more can get here,
because they would have nothing to
live on."

The sand crab scuttled to the en-
trance of his burrow, and then tumbled
precipitately back to Germany's left ear.
"While we were talking," he whis-
pered feverishly, "another half-million
Americans arrived. You'd better flit
while the flitting is good."

"Nonsense," replied Germany pet-
tishly. "Why do you annoy me with
such silly tales? I tell you that this
talk of Americans is all poppy-cock!"

The sand crab again mounted to the
entrance of his burrow. When he re-
turned his knees were knocking to-
gether and his voice trembled with
emotion. "Call it poppy-cock if you
want to," said he, "but while I was up
there, a moment ago, one of the Amer-
icans took a shot at you, and missed
you by about three inches."

"It must have been an accident," re-



HIS FIVE SENSES
IS OUR UNCLE LOSING THEM?

plied Germany. "Even though there
were any of them near me—and I know
there aren't—I am quite safe, because
I can't see them, and therefore they
can't see me."

At this juncture Germany trembled
violently, and the sand crab heard a
series of dull, sickening thuds. "What
was that?" he asked, fearfully.

"Nothing," replied Germany.

"I am sure I heard something," said
the crab. And he ascended his burrow
to investigate.

"Good heavens!" he called back,
"there are millions of Americans
around you, and they are hitting you
with clubs and all sorts of things!"

"No, no!" declared Germany fier-
cely. "There aren't any Americans!"

"Yes, there are," insisted the sand



"MIDNIGHT, AND ALL'S WELL"

crab, "and they are pulling out your tail feathers and your wing feathers!"

"There aren't any Americans!" repeated Germany, jabbing her head into the sand with all her strength.

"They are putting a barrel of gunpowder under you!" shrieked the crab. "The outlook is very bad; and if you will be good enough to excuse me, I

will proceed to dig in. You are larger and more experienced than I, but there is a possibility that you may be mistaken."

"Never!" declared Germany.

A moment later a fearful crash threw the sand crab on his nose and cracked his shell in several places. As soon as he was able, he struggled back to the mouth of his burrow and looked for Germany, the giant ostrich. Nothing remained of her, except a few pin feathers and one or two shreds of flesh.

"Ah, well," sighed the sand crab, "Germany was a pig-head, but I've got to hand it to her for one thing: she could deceive herself more efficiently than anyone else in the world."

So saying, the sand crab straightened the dents in his shell and sidled off to hunt a new burrow.

Lawrence Kane.

Matrimonial

THE Minnesota State Board of Health has issued a book of advice on marriage and engagement, which contains the following:

A couple may safely wed if the man has an income of fifty or sixty dollars a month and he has saved up two or three hundred dollars.

The writer of this gem of financial wisdom does not say how much the bride ought to have, but if he has ever tried the experiment of marrying on fifty dollars a month he probably knows that she ought to have all the way from one thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars a year, according to her environment.

WELL-PRESERVED MAIDEN (*in electrical shop*): I would like to see one of your osculating fans.



"DONNERWETTER! I'M AFRAID THIS LICENSE TAG I'M WEARING WILL NEVER GET ME BY THE DOG CATCHER."

The Marines

THEY'VE kept the flag as stainless as the honor of their corps

Since first the flag was born to make men free—
Our nation's fighting vanguard of the ocean and the shore,
The ever-ready Soldiers of the Sea.
Though Behring might be frigid, or the weather might be hot
In Hayti and the sunny Philippines,
Wherever there was trouble they were foremost on the spot,
The East-by-West United States Marines.
They never questioned what an order hid;
They never balked at odds of three to one;
They went where they were sent; they did as they were bid,
And when you heard about it, it was done!

They take their little journeys on a warship, as a rule;
But they can make a trip, in case of need,
By dromedary, omnibus, or elephant, or mule,
Or anything that shows a trace of speed.
They've done some pretty fighting (with appropriate regrets);
They've done a heap for Universal Peace;

For Law-and-Order marches with the flashing bayonets
Of Uncle Sam's Terrestrial Police.

Their badge of "Here and There and Everywhere"
Is blazoned on their banner, floating high:
The Anchor for the sea, the Eagle for the air,
The Globe for all the lands beneath the sky.

They've heard the word "impossible," but don't know what it means.

They scorn the vulgar bonds of space and clime;
For Uncle Sam's ubiquitous United States Marines
Are doing something, somewhere, all the time.
Perhaps they're winning victories with diplomatic wiles,
Or decimating predatory ranks;
They may be running governments on palmy tropic isles,
Or Sunday-schools, or hydroplanes, or tanks,
Or serving out destruction, hot or cold,
Or charging down the muzzle of a gun.
They go where they are sent; they do what they are told,
And you may hear about it when it's done.

Arthur Guiterman.



SERIOUSLY ILL

"SHAME ON YOU, WILLIE CAMEL, YELLING LIKE THAT OVER A MERE STOMACH-ACHE!"
"YES, BUT I'VE GOT FOUR STOMACHS, AND THEY'RE ALL ACHING AT ONCE."

Out of It

PUBLISHER: What literary experience have you previously had?

APPLICANT: I've been writing the screen text for the moving pictures.

"I'm afraid you won't do. Our man must have some knowledge of grammar and spelling."



SECOND-LIEUTENANT TOMLINSON AND PRIVATE TOMLINSON (OWN BROTHERS IN PRIVATE LIFE) MEET IN A SECLUDED SPOT



A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME

Lines to the Kaiser

A LINE of dollars into the United States Treasury.
 A line of young men into the training camps.
 A line of troop trains speeding coastward.
 A line of transports across the Atlantic.
 A line of communication to the trenches.
 A line of shock-proof khaki on the west front.
 A line of all varieties of artillery.
 A line of American airplanes and fliers.
 A line of destroyers in the North Sea.
 A line of food-ships to the Allies.
 A line of hemp, if necessary, for you.
 Very earnestly,
 THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Miracle of Marriage and Time

THE bride turning up her nose at her mother's suggestion that she take her old clothes with her.

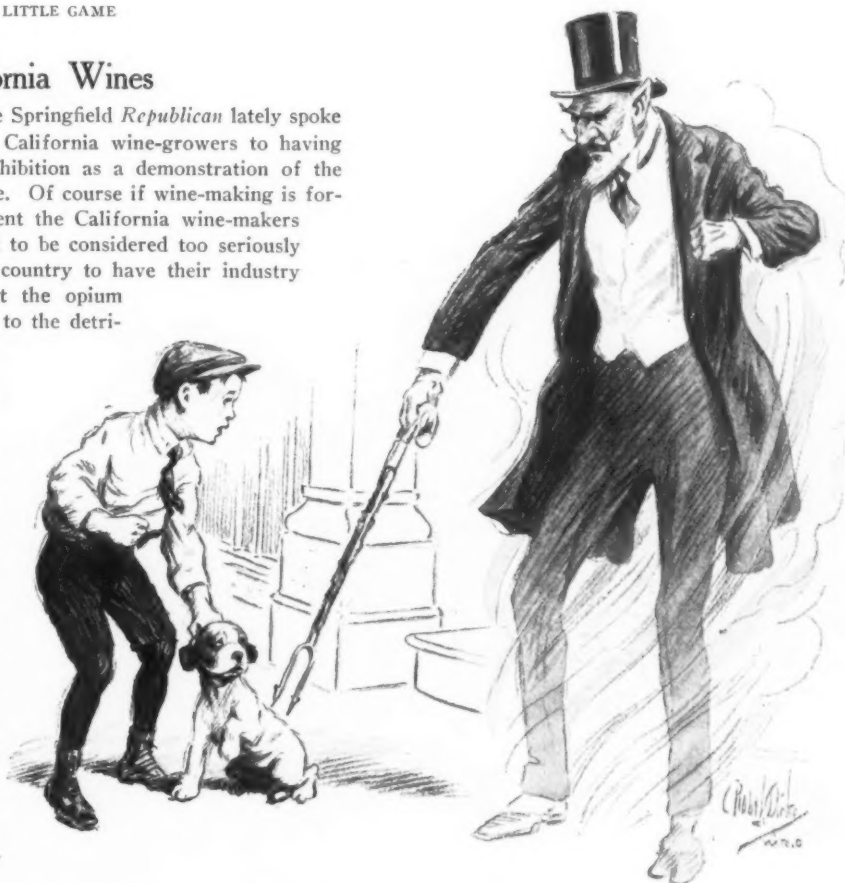
The bride, returning for her old clothes six months later, decidedly angry because a single article is missing.

The California Wines

A PARAGRAPHER in the *Springfield Republican* lately spoke of the objection of the California wine-growers to having their vineyards destroyed by prohibition as a demonstration of the effect of touching the pocket nerve. Of course if wine-making is forbidden by a prohibition amendment the California wine-makers will lose money. That ought not to be considered too seriously if it is to the advantage of the country to have their industry scrapped. It was shameful that the opium trade was kept up for its profits, to the detriment of China. It is shameful that the profits of the rum business should be considered if it certainly injures the people.

The strong point of the California wine industry is that it provides a mild intoxicant that does more good than harm. Europe considers the mild wines as temperate drinks. They do not intoxicate nor induce habits of intoxication unless taken to an inconvenient and unusual excess, and they make coarse food more palatable.

The idea that Christendom is going to abolish wine is nonsense, and papers of the standing of the *Springfield Republican* must know it. All drinks can be regulated; consumption of spirits can be curbed; the profit in selling intoxicants can be cut down and drinking diminished, but wine has always been used, and always will be, among the free nations of the world.



HOW A DOG-HATER LOOKS TO THE SMALL BOY AND TO MOST OF US



AUGUST 29, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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No. 1870

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THE fighting is slower, but, so far as we get news, it continues to be the kind of news that warrants anyone who feels in his bones that the German power is crumbling in translating that feeling into an opinion. People who feel that it is not for our good to be too hopeful about the war must arrange to get different lines of information printed in the papers. Officers reported to have landed here on August 21st were quoted as believing that Germany would be done up by Christmas. Very naughty of them, but acceptable to optimists who have bets about the end of the war. The call for the new draft bill is based on the opinion that it is good economy to rush matters. General March thinks that with four million American troops on the western front the Allies can go through the German lines at will, so he is urging Congress to provide for having them there the soonest possible, which is next spring. That is the right spirit, and doubtless Congress will recognize its timeliness. Then if the Germans choose to wait, or can wait, to test General March's calculations, all right; and if not, so much the better.

At present the Germans seem not to be happy. It is a sorrowful business to get over a drunk, and the Germans have been on a frightful spree, and evidently begin to realize that they have got to sober up. Even in Russia their exhilaration is declining. The more evidence they give of abating powers in the West, the more the tide of opposition rises against them else-

where, and the lower sinks the German heart at home. It is hard enough still to make any positive assertion about Russia, but current reports make out that the Bolsheviki are on the run. A few thousand Allied troops, including several regiments of Americans, have landed at Vladivostok, and more are operating about Archangel, and the Czecho-Slovaks are doing what they can in Siberia, and the Cossacks have re-instituted discipline and are doing much better, and bands of armed peasants are threatening Petrograd, and evidently if Germany had armies to spare she could find use for them in pacifying Russia. For Russia is no Belgium. It is not a German province yet, and not likely to be until Germany has more spare time and more spare troops than anyone can see in prospect.



OUR President has gone to the north shore of Massachusetts to play with Colonel House and get a little rest from himself and the rest of Washington. Perhaps also from the war, though the war tags around after one, even though he is President and has marines to stand off intruders. It is about as detachable as one's skin, but, like one's skin, becomes a habit, and is not necessarily uncomfortable. We all wish the great tribulation was over, but we shall miss it quite a bit when the papers get back to divorce and baseball, and the main topic of concern is no longer battles, but taxes. There is something to be said even for

a sporting life. But it is good for the President to get all the change he can, and the air of the north shore and the company of Colonel House are both salubrious. We all (pretty much) want Mr. Wilson to last us through this present war, including the preliminaries of organization that will follow it, and he is the only top-hole purveyor of government who was in power four years ago who still holds his job undiminished in strength, authority and prestige. Indeed, he has gained in all three.

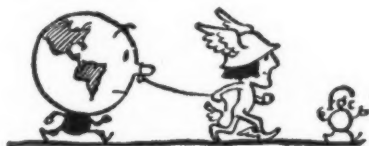
The Kaiser has held his job, and seems to have kept his health, but how much authority remains to him is not clear, and his prestige limps very badly. He talks more than he used to, and gets much less attention, and the main interest in him now, outside of Germany, is expressed in curious speculations as to what disposition will be made of him when the final crash comes.

The Czar is gone; the Austrian Emperor is a new hand; the control has changed in France and England, but Mr. Wilson, who seemed to have got pretty well through the heavy work of his first term when the Germans made the fatal break through Belgium, has been so hard at the business of government ever since, and worked at it so successfully, that the question is not what will become of him, but what his mind will be as to the next treatment for the invalid world when, presently, it comes off the operating table. For the war he has pretty well done what a President can do, and has only to let existing machinery work its way out, but in the dishevelled world that will emerge from the war he promises to be the most powerful arbiter of the destinies of nations. That is partly due to extraordinary circumstances which have made the United States the most disinterested large-scale participant in the war, and partly to the development and advertisement of his own mind and character in the last four years. Our country will have a say—a very weighty say—as to the coming rearrangement of the world, and Mr. Wilson will be its chief spokesman. A general idea of what he will want may easily be gained by reading his recent speeches. He will want as much liberty and independence for nations, great and small, as is consistent



IF BARBARA FRIETCHIE HAD LIVED IN BELGIUM

with practicable world government. And because he believes in democracy, he will take a liberal view of the amount of self-government that even dependent peoples may be trusted with.



If the war has demonstrated anything, it is that nations are what their people are, and not what their governments will them to be. British direction and leadership have been faulty enough, and have made most of the mistakes that were possible, but the Brit-

ish people have lived up to their tradition and lived down, or died down, all mistakes. France is the France of French men and French women, in spite of French government, and the United States is the country of the American people. Russia went to pot because its people were too ignorant and too undeveloped to stand the strain of war. It is coming back because its people are better than the Bolshevik government they allowed to be imposed on them, and would not endure the German subjugation to which that government assented. In Germany the government, having trained the people for generations to submission, has had its will with them, with consequences that grow daily more terrible and more

ominous. Evidently it is people that matter more than governments, and that idea will govern in the rehabilitation of Europe. Germany to-day is attempting a new distribution of German kings in conquered provinces, who will hold them under orders from Berlin. But that method is played out, and the United States is in the war to insure an end of it. The German idea is that people were made for governments. The idea that is winning the war is that governments exist for people, and that even people who are incapable of self-government must be governed in their own interest, and not exploited for the benefit of their governors.



OUR relations with Mexico are embarrassed again, this time about oil. The great oil wells in the Tampico district are owned and managed by British and American companies. A considerable supply of oil from them is necessary to complete the supply required by the Allies. The government of Mexico may properly tax the wells and their output, which, indeed, are at present its chief source of legitimate revenue. But Carranza, presumably under German influence, has laid impositions on the oil companies which amount to confiscation; the companies have refused to be confiscated; and the American and British governments have on their hands the task of making Carranza see an advantage in sweet reasonableness.

The detail of news that we would like best to hear now would relate to the capture or destruction of the German U-boats that are operating on this coast. There is a limit to the mischief they can do, but they are an annoyance, and as the ocean hereabouts is commodious, it is mighty hard to catch them. Even one sample boat brought ashore would be acceptable, if only to satisfy public curiosity and make it known whether—as is supposed—these boats are war-duplicates of the Deutschland which paid us a visit in happier days for Germany than these, before the United States got into the war.







For What We Are About to Receive



BLOW the horn and beat the drum!

Here comes that aggregation of novelties to be known to fame as the dramatic season of 1918-1919.

Concealed as it is in the anatomy of the future, we do not yet know whether the product is to be a *ridiculus mus* or something greater. The managerial geniuses who control the destinies of the theatre in this country have, judging by copious announcements, been laboring mightily while the rest of us have been more or less enjoying war-worn vacations. Inasmuch as the ladies, goddesses, predominate in the writing of our plays, we may at least be sure of the purity and the literary quality of the future American drama. And so, with brave and expectant hearts, let us proceed with our contemplations.



THE dog-plays, meaning by that the entertainments put on the stage in dog-day weather to catch the dollars of visiting buyers who come to New York in the torrid season to lay in stocks of cloaks, suits, furs and other warm apparel for winter wear in the outlying districts, have not been impressive, in spite of the hopes of their producers that they might chance on something that would live into the legitimate season.

The war furnishes the similar motive for two of them—"Friendly Enemies" and "Allegiance." Both plays deal with the predicament of the German-born American who has made his home and his fortune in this country and yet has preserved a sentimental allegiance to the country of his birth strong enough to make his Americanism seem doubtful up to the moment of final choice.

In "Friendly Enemies" the theme is developed on the comedy side with dialect comedians in the persons of Messrs. Louis Mann and Sam Bernard in the leading rôles. The play is saved from dropping into near-farce by the artistry of Mr. Mann, who makes really pathetic the conquest of his German obstinacy in circumstances which show that, after all, the country of his adoption has become to him something more than a place in which to make money and preserve German ideals and customs. His pro-Germanism, which might by the over-suspicious be taken in its expression for propaganda, is so thoroughly confuted and confounded that the play in its entirety becomes a humorous but effective argument for Americanism for others of his kind.

"Allegiance" develops the theme on a higher dramatic plane, but less amusingly. The German secret agent, playing on the sentiment for his fatherland of the German in America, is given equal but more serious importance. The action halts at times, but the story is a lucid one, and with an excellent company makes

"Allegiance" an interesting dramatic treatment of a topic very much to the fore just now.



ANOTHER war play is "Three Faces East," with the scenes laid in England, and its interest kept up to the very end by the inability of the audience to make up its mind which one of the characters thrown open to suspicion is really the master-spy deputed by the serpents of Berlin to do their dirty Kultur work against the British government. Even the angel-faced Violet Heming figures in the problem of distrust, her dry little voice helping out the suspicion of Prussianism. Mr. Charles Harbury, admirably depicting a member of the British Cabinet, also falls under the cloud which keeps the audience guessing. Suspense and good acting make this remarkably named melodrama so absorbing that even a victim of toothache might forget his ailment for considerable stretches of time. If Sherlock Holmes ever went to the theatre he would doubtless enjoy "Three Faces East."



"THE BLUE PEARL" is another mystery play, but deserts the war-spy field for the more familiar one of the society jewelry thief. The celebrated blue pearl which gives the play its name must be some relation to the notorious blue diamond in its ability to bring trouble to everyone, legitimately or otherwise, in custody of the treasure. No one is sure of what is going to happen about it until a Chesterfieldian and Enrightian police commissioner, in the person of Mr. George Nash, appears on the scene and takes charge of matters. Then we settle down to a sense of perfect confidence in the commish.,



"DON'T BE SCARED, DAD; I'LL TRY TO PITCH EASY"



and although we haven't the faintest idea of how he is going to unravel the tangle, we feel sure he will do it. And he does. "The Blue Pearl" is well acted, and if Mr. Nash doesn't look out he will be drafted to become a member of the finest. Such detective ability is never seen except on the stage, and if Mr. Nash is not careful he is likely to find himself down at Police Headquarters as a member of the new reserve. If any reader of LIFE is convinced of his own detective abilities he will find it interesting to go and match them up with the tracer of the blue pearl.



IT was inevitable that among the dog-plays there should be a sprinkling of farce. "She Walked in Her Sleep" belongs in this class, and takes us back to that joy of youth, "Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist," only in this case the night-walker is a very pretty girl, Alberta Burton by name. The length and opacity of the night-dress in which she makes most of her startling appearances testifies that she does not buy her lingerie at the shops which picture their models in the Sunday supplements, and that the author of the play resisted obvious opportunities to gain notoriety for his production. He, nevertheless, has worked up an ingenious plot, and the farce is amusing without being unroariously funny.

"Keep Her Smiling" keeps its audiences smiling throughout. There are not many places where they burst into hearty laughter, but Mr. and Mrs. Drew, the former as a minor employee who is forced into financial success, and the latter as a wife who is thoroughly competent to dispose of the results of the process, manage to keep everyone cheerful during the customary three acts.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins bumps down from the Ibsenian cult to present a Brooklyn farce called "A Very Good Young Man." In some ways it is as faithful to its locality as the works of the Norwegian bard, and it is certainly more cheery. Mr. Martin Brown, the author, is not as expert as Ibsen in keeping to the dead level, so a piece that is very laughable at points slumps into flatness at the end. Ada Lewis is a funny lady undertaker with a funny daughter, portrayed by Lydia Dickson. Mr. Wallace Eddinger is the pure young hero temporarily gone devilish, and Mr. Alan Dinchart is vastly amusing as a waiter with a musical side-line. A hurry call for the dramatic pulmotor to revive the third act might give Mr. Hopkins's very different venture a chance to live.

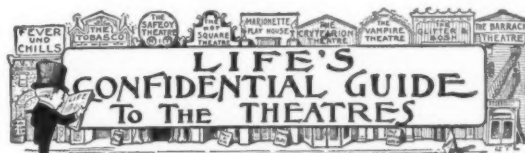


IF Nero, the original old tired business man, had had the Winter Garden to go to, Rome might not have lost so many of its leading Christian citizens and might not have bankrupted all the local fire insurance com-

panies. Nero would have liked the "Passing Show of 1918." Not having any great sense of humor, he would not have noticed the lack of it in the book, and his love of the sensual would have been completely satisfied by the extravagance of color, brilliant costumes in wonderful variety, femininity of every type in every degree of dress and undress, together with sound and spectacle in unlimited profusion. If Nero had lived some centuries later he would have engaged a season box at the Winter Garden.



AND so we begin, not impressively, but at least innocuously, a new season, which will do its full duty if it occasionally diverts our thoughts from the topic which burdens the mind of the whole world. This year we do not ask the theatre to be great, if only it will be thoroughly amusing. Metcalfe.



Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keep Her Smiling." See above.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Amusing and well acted idyll of calf-love with a Middle-West background.

Broadhurst.—"He Didn't Want to Do It," by Messrs. Broadhurst and Hein. Notice later.

Century Grove.—Midnight cabaret.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern with Mitzi as the star. Notice later.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders" with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's war movie, "Hearts of the World." Most impressive actual pictures of scenes in the present war threaded on a not so impressive movie love story.

Harris.—"Why Worry?" with Fannie Brice. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Notice later.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies" with Messrs. Louis Mann and Sam Bernard.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Well performed, tuneful and diverting musical comedy with aviation its topic.

Longacre.—"The Blue Pearl," by Anne C. Flexner, with Mr. George Nash as the star. See above.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose" in its second year. Admirably staged and interesting melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Lyric.—Second season of "Maytime." Charming musical play with atmosphere in book, acting and music.

Masine Elliott's.—"Allegiance," by Amelie Rives and Pierre Troubetzkoy. See above.

Playhouse.—"She Walked in Her Sleep," by Mr. Mark Swan. See above.

Plymouth.—"A Very Good Young Man," by Mr. Martin Brown. Notice later.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. Notice later.

Shubert.—"Getting Together." Last week of the interesting military drama with its strong enlistment propaganda.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." See above.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight cabaret.



Some Open Letters

MY DEAR CONAN DOYLE:

I've been reading with much concern your recent articles and books on spiritualism, and this is just a line of friendly advice and warning. My dear fellow, don't. You've given us all so much pleasure by your exciting books, and you really have displayed so much genuine common sense, that it is a great sorrow to us to see you going the way of Sir Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russel Wallace and other otherwise good men. Don't you know that no intelligent man, after he gets to be a certain age, can fool with spiritualism without getting off his base? Don't you know that in the whole history of humanity, as far back as you like, there is not a single instance proving life after death that is not based on credulity? Please don't go *that* way, Sir Conan. Please!

Mundanely yours,

LIFE.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

MY DEAR MARSHAL: We have duly received your salient news of August 1st, in which you acknowledge receipt of one million three hundred thousand wild-cat fighters from this vicinity. In accordance with your advices we shall continue to make shipments to you at the rate of three hundred thousand per month until they reach from



"THE THOUGHT OF YOU WILL ALWAYS SPUR ME ON TO DEEDS OF—OUCH!"



IN NO MOUSE'S LAND

Sentry Owl: WHO-O-O-OO GOES THERE?

the Champs Elysées to Unter den Linden. All our folks are well. The garden is looking fine.

With love to all your people and a couple of kisses for yourself,
Yours, as ever,

LIFE.

Messrs. Lenine & Trotsky.

DEAR SIRs: Having learned that you have sold out your Bolsheviki plant to Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Hohenzollern & Co. (Limited) for a large sum and are still running it under the general management of this firm, I write to advise you, in case you are short of hands, that it would be a pleasure to supply you with a number who are suited to your purposes. Among those we have in mind are a former United States senator, several congressmen, a notorious publisher and editor and a number of leading statesmen.

In case you can use any or all of these gentlemen, please cable at our expense, as we can struggle along without them and we feel they ought to be with you.

Bolshevikily yours,

LIFE.

Rumors

It is rumored that Hindenburg is dead.

—Newspaper item.

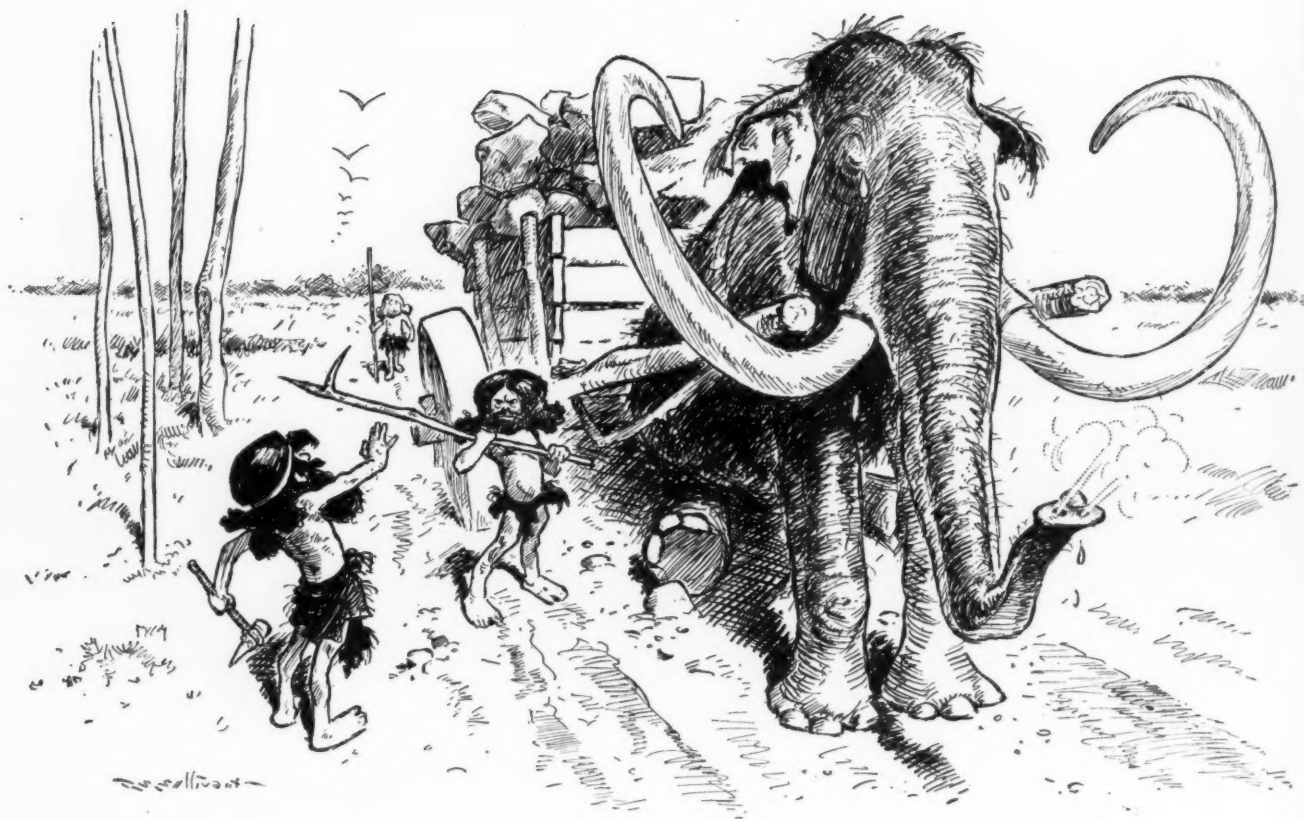
IT is rumored that the Kaiser has sent a letter of apology to Dr. Muehlon, former director at Krupp's, telling him that he (the Kaiser) agrees with Dr. Muehlon, and believes and hopes the German people will soon be brought to their senses, also that he is ready to abdicate at once.

It is rumored that Mr. Hearst, suddenly filled with remorse over his own record, will discontinue all of his publications after next January, and will run for vice-president of the Prohibition party, thus retiring permanently to a life of obscurity.

It is rumored that Mr. George Creel, Mr. Burleson, Champ Clark, Senator Reed of Missouri and Senator La Follette of Wisconsin will soon leave in a Caproni airplane for the western front.



"PLEASE, CAP'N, I WAS WONDERIN' COULDN'T YE MERBE LEMME GO OVER THE TOP OR SOMETHIN'.
THIS IS ME BIRTHDAY"



ORIGIN OF THE S. P. C. A.

Lessons in Efficiency

By Our Expert

ONE of the most difficult things is to know in what pocket you have placed some important article, as, for example, a box of matches or a railroad ticket. This is particularly true when your waistcoat is discarded during warm spells, thus making a new adjustment necessary. To avoid all this, carry a small card-index system riveted to the top of your hat. Before dressing make a list of all the articles you carry, with their pocket indicated, and file them in alphabetical order. When you need any article, you have but to remove your hat, unlock the cards, and by referring to them you can quite quickly turn to the pocket in which the article has been placed. By a system of cross indexes you will never fail in your object. For instance, you will have two entries; one, "Wallet (see Pocket-book)," and the other, "Pocket-book (see Wallet)."

Experience

THE puppy had been punished, and was sulking in a corner. To him came the small daughter of the house, to administer, not comfort, but advice.

"You may just as well be good first as last, Buddy," she admonished. "Everybody that belongs to mother has got to mind. I've been through it all—and I know."

The Babies in France



MADELINE SASSIGNEUX, BABY 2683

LIFE'S generous readers may feel sure that what they have done for the war orphans of France they have done well, but they must not lay to their souls the flattering assurance that it has been

done completely. With every battle, even if the victory goes to the Allies, there are more French fathers killed, more French women become widows, and more French babies are exposed to want and probable separation from a home. Each seventy-three dollars we send to France helps one of these families for two years by keeping the child with its mother. Each contribution not only helps the widows and orphans, but is an inspiration to the soldiers of France and a bond between that brave country and our own.

LIFE has received, in all, \$233,588.77, from which 1,283,097.50 francs have been remitted to France.

In behalf of the children and their mothers we gratefully acknowledge from



CHARLOTTE GAUBY,
BABY 1206



BERTHE HÉQUET, BABY 265,
AND HER MOTHER



VALENTINE GEFFROY,
BABY 2389

"The Montana Club," Helena, Mont., for Babies Nos. 2960 and 2961.....\$146
Mr. and Mrs. Leroy G. Denman, San Antonio, Texas, for Baby No. 2962..... 73
Mr. and Mrs. Angus H. McLeon, Vera Cruz, Mexico, for Baby No. 2977..... 73
Jessie L. Scott, Yakima, Wash., for Baby No. 2978..... 73
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Harris, Johannesburg, South Africa, for Babies Nos. 2981,
2982 and 2983..... 219
Proceeds of a clam bake at "Camp Yawn," Swanzy Lake, for Baby No. 2984..... 73
L. G. Farmer, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 2985..... 73
Mrs. Albert E. Cluett, Troy, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2821 and 2822..... 140
Jules Matagrín, Montreal, Canada, for Baby No. 2986..... 73
"Some of Co. G. and their friends," Philipsburg, Pa., through Miss Maud Louise Hale,
for Baby No. 2987..... 73
"R. W. New York," for Baby No. 2988..... 73
Eleanor Hood Harding, Fitchburg, Mass., for Baby No. 2990..... 73
Jeanette, Philip and Theodore Johnson, New London, Ohio, for Baby No. 2991..... 73
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Purcell, Huntington, W. Va., for Baby No. 2993..... 73
Mrs. Allan J. Clark, Lead, S. D., for Baby No. 2994..... 73
RENEWALS: Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Swift, Boston, Mass., \$73; Mrs. John Shugert, Belle-
fonte, Pa., \$16.50; Mrs. Herbert C. Wright, Plymouth, Mass., \$73; "H." Honolulu,
"M. H." Honolulu, and "S. T." Honolulu, \$219; Mrs. Gordon Stratley, Brooklyn,
N. Y., \$73; St. Gaudens Club, Long Beach, Cal., \$36.50; Charlotte Peirce and Samuel
Appleton, Kineo, Maine, \$2; Mrs. Henry D. Prescott, New Bedford, Mass., \$73; "A
lover of France," New York City, \$73; Mrs. William C. Peyton, New York City, \$146;
Mrs. J. S. Hawley, Jr., San Diego, Cal., \$73; "Eleanor and Katherine T.," Upper Mont-
clair, N. J., \$73.
PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., \$3; Mrs. R. W. Jones, Grenada,
Miss., \$3; S. C. Hodges and J. W. Sproles, Greenwood, S. C., \$6; The ladies of the
Presbyterian Church of Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; Mrs. Rufus F. Maddux, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
\$36; Carol Daube and Florence Davis, Northampton, Mass., \$13; Miss Avis Cleland,
Missoula, Mont., \$10; Nathan Krauskopf, New York City, \$10; Friends and parishioners
of Congregational Church, Northboro, Mass., through the Rev. A. P. Van Dusen, \$46;
Mrs. Edward V. Robertson, Cody, Wyo., \$23; W. A. Y., Centre Valley, Pa., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 2928

Already acknowledged\$56.89
Miss Adelaide T. Hall, Lockport, New York..... 10
W. G. Gaylord, Claremont, Cal..... 5
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass..... 1.11

BABY NUMBER 2076

Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....\$4.89
John L. DeSaulles, 2d, Westbury, L. I..... 2
Dr. H. C. Dumville, Niagara Falls, N. Y..... 14
E. P. A., Washington, D. C..... 1.11

BABY NUMBER 2092

E. P. A., Washington, D. C.....\$3.89
Miss Hettie Sibley, Birmingham, Ala..... 3
.....\$6.89

The Uncle Sam War Theatre

FOR THE YEARS 1917-18-19

(And as much longer as necessary)

Overture

Marching Through Germany.....
Woodrow Wilson Military Band

- 1 BROWNING & LEWIS
In Their Great Tragedy
Hell's Hot Hail
- 2 MR. MANYVOICES
His Irresistible Financial Monologue
Keep the Treasury Brimming
- 3 C. BETHLEHEM SCHWAB
An Original One-Minute Mechanical
Playlet
Building Ships While You Wait
- 4 MME. SOCKES & MME. SWEATERES
A Musical Finger Act
Click-Click

- 5 THE SOLDIER-SAILOR-MARINE-
AVIATOR QUARTETTE
In Their Rousing Song
We're Fighting and We'll Win
- 6 THE FAMOUS WHITE SISTERS
In the Heart-Stirring Drama
*The Red Cross Takes a Big Part of Hell
Out of War*

- 7 THE GIGANTIC COLUMBIA CHORUS
(Accompanied by all the pianos, organs,
drums, cornets, trombones and other
musical instruments in the country)
*In Their Repertoire of Patriotic
Selections*

- 8 GENERAL DUTY & CO.
Their Convincing Bayonet Play
Making the Huns Holey

EXIT

Triumphant Return from Berlin.....
Woodrow Wilson Military Band



IF BURBANK WOULD DEVELOP THE MILK-
WEED, NOW THAT MILK IS SO HIGH

To an Egotist

MY friend, your consciousness is too intense:

You must abandon this persistent view

That lays earth's center and circumference

In you.

This radical idea too rankly tends

To color all that you desire or do—

That our prodigious universe depends

On you.

There are some other forces still alive,

Some other claims and purposes, a few,

That do not absolutely thus derive

From you.

Life has perplexing puzzles, quite a lot,

Whose answers yet no wise man ever knew.

The sole solution of them all may not

Be you.

A. L. Salmon.



"Scare *me*, will you?"

The Prophets and the People

AND after this, as it is written, it came to pass that three men spake. One was Lord Roberts, and the other two Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood.

And they said, Prepare ye, for the kingdom of the Hun is at hand. And no one heeded them.

Then Lord Roberts went about and preached his strange doctrine, and he was hooted and scorned by the multitude, and nobody cared. And he passed away.

Then said Theodore Roosevelt, I will raise a mighty army, and it shall make a great noise. And Leonard Wood said, Unless something is done quick we shall be confounded. And there was nothing doing.

And Henry Ford, the Pacifist, builded a ship, and loud was the talk thereof. And he sent the ship across the waters, and all men marvelled.

Then arose in the land the Pacifist and the Pro-German, and ruled with mighty sway.

And the Lord said, Where are my people?

And the people answered and said, Here, Master. And

after twelve months they heeded the cry of the prophets, and mighty were their deeds.

They builded ships and wrought works of matchless strength and gathered together an army the like of which has not been seen in the world.

And the people said, The Hun shall be driven out from the land of his forefathers, and the place thereof shall know him no more.

And it was as Lord Roberts and Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood had preached in the beginning.

Willie and Rupprecht

THE papers report hard feelings between the Crown Princes of Germany and Bavaria. They had rival plans for offenses. Both were tried. Both started well, and ended in failure; but Willie's failure was so bad that Rupprecht had to send his reserves to save him. That put Rupprecht out of his calculations and made him sore.

Why not let these illustrious kinsmen fight out their differences in the field with Marshal Foch for umpire? That would end the war sooner, and by so much diminish Germany's ruin.



Wife: IF THAT PROVES TO BE A U-BOAT, FRED, AND IT COMES TO THE SURFACE, I WANT YOU TO DO YOUR BIT

Splendid Prospects

"I SEE the Germans are very much encouraged about the food situation."

"How's that?"

"Why, so many of them are being killed on the western front that it takes less food all the time."



IF THE HUNS SHOULD TAKE UP GOLF

Diary of a War Baby

I CERTAINLY am having a hard row of it. Nobody at home half the time. Mother flits in and out occasionally, but mostly she spends her time in war reliefs and rummage sales.

I suppose I am a non-essential, but still—

Eventually, I hope to be able to crawl

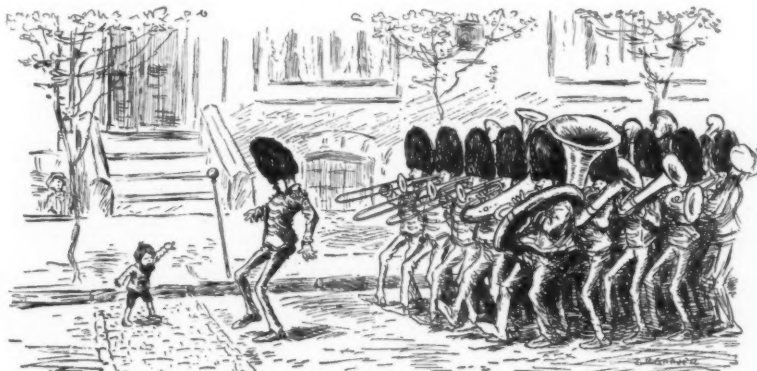
all over the house. I shall do it systematically, one room at a time. Today I reached the dining-room, and went over the top of the sideboard. Nothing doing. Not a crumb!

I have a vague recollection of a nurse who used to take me out in a carriage. Also there was a person in the kitchen who prepared food. All gone now! What's the use of this war

I hear them talking about so much, anyway? It seems to have been planned to make me miserable.

Every drop of milk I swallow makes me feel as if I were taking the Thrift Stamps out of their cards! And they are so mean about it! And the way they talk! Even if they don't say it in exactly these words, this is what they mean: "Yes, of course, he is really a nice baby, but he can't be of any real use for years yet—may do later in the trade war against Germany."

Yesterday some soldiers passed by with the American flag waving and the band playing, and it fairly got me on my toes. I managed to crawl up and hold on to a chair to get a look at them over the window-sill. I was actually shouting myself hoarse in a minute. Wonder why that flag makes me feel that way? It had me swinging my rattle around my head—and me with no hair at all to speak of! I got the carving knife out of the sideboard drawer, and was ready to stab anything in sight. It certainly is fierce to be only



"HERE! MOTHER SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO STOP YER NOISE. SHE'S JUST GOT BABY TO SLEEP"



Boston Angel (to New Yorker): THIS IS, INDEED, AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE



Hooveresque Delicacies

"Neurasthenia," said Mrs. Biggums to her cook, "I think we will have some chicken croquettes to-day out of that left-over pork and calves' liver."

"Yes'm," said Neurasthenia, called Teeny for short. "An' we got a little bread dressin' what went wid the pork, mum. Shall I make some apple sauce out'n hit, mum?"

—*Richmond Times Dispatch.*

In Hold Hengland

FIRST ENGLISH BOY: Comin' fishin', Bill?

SECOND DITTO: No, can't come fishin' to-day; I lost me worm ticket.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE was nobody who could play the violin like Smifkins—at least so he thought—and he was delighted when he was asked to play at a local function.

"Sir," he said to the host, "the instrument I shall use at your gathering is over two hundred years old."

"Oh, that's all right! Never mind," returned the host; "no one will ever know the difference."

—*New York Globe.*



THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

Dream On!

A year ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Fifteen shillings."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, an' I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it!"

The boy got the raise.

—*Uplift Magazine.*

He Raised 'Em

Food Controller Hoover told at a meatless-wheatless banquet a story about a poultry profiteer.

"A lady entered his shop," said Mr. Hoover, "and asked the price of chicken."

"Them birds in the winder?" said the profiteer. "Waal, they're very fine quality stock. I can't let 'em go for less than ninety-four cents a pound."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Did you raise them yourself?"

"Yep," said the profiteer absently. "They were seventy cents yesterday."

—*Utica Observer.*

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PREFER Deities
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Life's Aeroplane Picture Contest

Full report of this Contest, with winning titles, and names and addresses of winners, appeared in the July 18th issue of LIFE.

Copy of that number will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

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After October 18th this number will be twenty-five cents.

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"Now, I am convinced that my dear husband, John Henry Folie has been swindled in the past!"



"Throw away that horrid cigar my dear and guess what's the surprise I have for you!"



"This is very nice of you my dear wife, but I would rather buy my own cigars;"



"You act as tho they're explosives, while in reality they have the loveliest gold bands, and only seven for 25¢!"



"But seven for a quarter is much too cheap for this Harpers Ferry Shrapnel!"



"Yes hubby dear, seven for a quarter is cheap as you say, but I thought there must be at least ONE good one in seven!"

THE FOLLIES OF 1861

Rules for a Bolshevik Municipal Theatre

1. The proletariat shall elect by popular vote the staff of playwrights, the actors, stagehands, attendants, etc.
2. The playwrights shall read their productions and ballot, the play receiving the largest number of votes to be produced.
3. The duly elected actors shall ballot among themselves to select a leading man, a leading woman, etc.
4. The audience, after witnessing the play, shall ballot to see whether it is worth the admission price. If not, money is to be refunded.

NOTE: Although inaugurated several months ago, the feasibility of this plan has not yet been tested. It seems that deadlocks in the voting exist, each playwright voting persistently for his own offering, with the result that one vote is cast for each play and none receives a majority. Also, each actor votes for himself or herself for the leading masculine or feminine rôle, as the case may be. The proletariat is becoming impatient, and a recall election is being spoken of freely on the streets.

The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from
LIFE

By Edward S. Martin

What the Reviewers Say About It

From the
San Francisco Chronicle:

These papers are all very informal. They make no pretense at covering the whole diplomatic field, and yet they are far more valuable as a history of America's reactions to the European war than any other record which has thus far come under review. They are the main facts plus an intelligent and most interesting interpretation.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Self-Appreciation

De hoot owl said to de whippoorwill:
"You don't sing nuffin' an' you won't
keep still.
You ought to take notice dat it would be
Polite to let folks listen to me."

Says de whippoorwill to de old hoot owl:
"You sleeps all day an' at night you
prowl,
An' you shows yoh ign'unce all complete
Interruptin' de music dat I make so
sweet."

An' dat's de way wif man an' bird,
Each thinks his voice should sure be
heard.
An' mos' of us ain' got much mo' skill
Dan de old hoot owl an' de whippoorwill.
—Washington Star.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

JAGSON: Say, I'd like a drink, but I
haven't the price. Can I float a loan of
fifteen cents?

SALOONKEEPER: Not over this bar.
—Boston Transcript.

Secretary Baker At the Front

People have been wanting to know the details of our War Secretary's momentous trip to Europe, for they have not heretofore been told. Ralph A. Hayes was Mr. Baker's private secretary, and he had to know the details. He came back from Europe with a book filled with notes about that seven weeks' journey which has had a decisive influence on the war—a seven weeks of visiting the various fronts, conferring with French, English and Italian political and military leaders, and in general connecting more closely America and her Allies.

Mr. Hayes's account, entitled "Secretary Baker at the Front," illustrated with official photographs, will be published in two parts—the first in the *September Century Magazine*. The *September Century* is now on sale at all newsstands.

In Emergencies

BASLINE AUTOWLINE proves an excellent substitute for a skid chain. Wind it about a rear tire and you can forget the slippery, greasy going. But don't forget it's the original steel tow line—"The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull", compact, durable, efficient. Patented snaffle hooks snap on in a wink, and stay put. At dealers, \$4.95 east of the Rockies.

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BASLINE AUTOWLINE

Testing Uncle's Faith

"We'd have more prayers answered," said Bishop Hoss, of Muskogee, "if we had more faith.

"Too many of us are like Willie. Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"Uncle, give me that colt, will you?" he asked.

"Why, no, Willie," said his uncle. "That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?"

"I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world," said Willie.

"Then," said his uncle, "I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me."

"Is that so, uncle?" said Willie, eagerly. "Won't you please give me this colt, then, and pray for one for yourself?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Valid Reasoning

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time she said:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," answered the astonished old man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

MISTRESS: Did anyone call while I was out?

NEW GIRL: Yes, mum; Mrs. Wayup called.

MISTRESS: Did she seem disappointed when you said I was not at home?

NEW GIRL: Well, she did look a little queer, but I told her she needn't get in a temper about it, 'cause it was really true this time.—Pearson's.

THERE is but one pleasant hour in hell, and this comes every Tuesday morning when His Satanic Majesty receives his weekly copy of LIFE and becomes so immersed in reading it that all the sub-devils know they have a little time to loaf on their jobs.



THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

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Absolutely Remove
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proves it. 25c at all druggists

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New paper mill cost \$1,500,000; Y. W. C. A. Bldg., \$35,000; Y. M. C. A., \$50,000; Armory, \$12,000.

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Pep

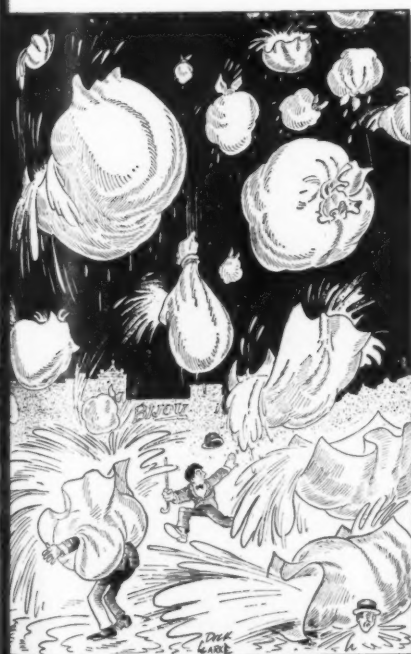
PEP is the fetich of the age. To receive even perfunctory consideration a thing must have pep. The simplest act must be performed with pep.

Discovered, most unremittingly observed and developed to its greatest perfection on that Via Dolorosa of the Muses, the Great White Way, now everybody's doing it.

Songs must have pep—delivered in a hurried jumble of over-emphasized, exaggerated jabber, accompanied by a swaying, swooping and hunching like a pugilist doing a shadow-boxing stunt.

Musical-comedy pep—the most virulent form—is supplied by a chorus that runs, jumps, skips, hops, yells, snaps fingers and raises Cain generally, its motto apparently being, "Be it ever so rapid, it gets by if it's rapid."

Our most popular evangelist is one of the most eminent exponents of pep



"THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN SHEETS"

in the winning of souls, and in the musical field several band leaders are not far behind him. Christenings are seldom lacking in pep—usually without rehearsal; divorce couldn't exist without it.

THE Sultan of Sulu is at last thoroughly civilized. Since the establishment of American rule he has been a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE.

Who's Who?

TWO women met one morning at the Red Cross workroom.

"My husband tells me that he was out with your husband until very late last night," said Mrs. Clarke.

"That isn't true," cried the other indignantly. "I want you to understand that my husband was out with your husband."

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This year, above all others, when extravagance and waste must be avoided, you should have Vogue at hand. For now, every woman must devote even more than her usual care to the selection of every detail of her wardrobe, so that not one hat, gown or wrap may remain unworn and its price wasted.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

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that before you spend a single penny on your new clothes, before you even begin to plan your season's wardrobe, you consult its great series of Autumn and Winter Fashion Numbers. Save yourself from a wrong start. Begin with the

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Little hats and big hats; hats that take the veil and hats that choose the world; appropriate gowns, veils, and coiffures.

Forecast of Autumn Fashions Sept. 15
The earliest advance information from Paris on the new silhouette—saving you from that costliest of all errors, a wrong start.

War Time Modes Oct. 1
Autumn Patterns Oct. 1
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means who wishes to curtail her expenses without in the least sacrificing smartness.

Paris Openings Oct. 15
The combined fashion exhibits of Paris, sketched and described by Vogue's own artists.

Winter Fashions Nov. 1
Showing the mode in its winter culmination; hats, furs, frocks, accessories; what is worn and who wears it.

Vanity Number Nov. 15
Graceful touches that make the smart woman smart; where to get them and how to use them.

Christmas Gifts Number Dec. 1
Hundreds of gifts of distinction, ranging from \$2 to \$2,000, good in value; actually purchasable.

Holiday Number Dec. 15
Last minute gifts; decorations for the Christmas table; diversions for the holidays.

Lingerie Number Jan. 1
Fine linens for household and personal use; their choice, marking, and care.

Motor and Southern Number Jan. 15
Everything new in the motor world; where to go and what to wear in the South.

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Books Received

Fiction

Caste Three, by Gertrude M. Shields. (The Century Company, \$1.40.) The story of a bookish young man submerged in the conventional life of a small town.

The Pretty Lady, by Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.) A mature study of social relations and individual motives under the stress of war conditions in the West End of London.

Merry Andrew, by Roney F. Weir. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.35.) An unpretentious story of farm life and the achievements of a capable young woman.

A Girl Alone, by Howel Evans. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.) A romantic novel with a background of sordid life in London.

It's Mighty Strange, by James A. Duncan. (The Stratford Company, Boston, \$1.50.) The story of a New England community's conversion to Catholicism.

Poetry and Drama

Rise Up, Jennie Smith: A Play in One Act, by Rachel L. Field, and *The Land Where Lost Things Go: A Play in a Prologue and Three Acts*, by Doris Halman. (Samuel French, New York, 25 cents each.) Two patriotic plays, prize winners in the Drama League's competition.

From the Front. Selected by Clarence Edward Andrews. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.) An anthology of authentic war poems and verses.

History

The Expansion of Europe, by Wilbur Cortez Abbott. (Henry Holt & Co., \$6.50.) A two-volume historical work presenting an unconventional and comprehensive view of the development of civilization from 1415 to 1789.



"LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND"

Sea Power and Freedom, by Gerard Fiennes. With an introduction by Rear Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50.) A graphic narrative illustrating the historical importance of sea power from the earliest times to the present war.

The War

Japan or Germany, by Frederic Coleman. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.35.) An elementary exposition of the issues at stake in Siberia.

The Fighting Engineers, by Francis A. Collins. (Century Co., \$1.30.) An informal account of the methods and achieve-

ments of the American engineering force.

Awake, America! by William T. Hornaday. (Moffat, Yard & Co., \$1.25.) Exhortations by a pioneer advocate of national preparedness.

Keeping Our Fighters Fit, by Edward Frank Allen, in co-operation with Raymond B. Fosdick. (The Century Company, \$1.25.) An account of training-camp activities and the work of the two Commissions.

War Fact Tests. Prepared by William H. Allen. (World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson.) A summary of essential war facts for use in schools.

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